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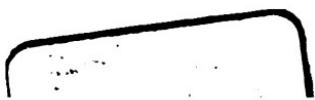
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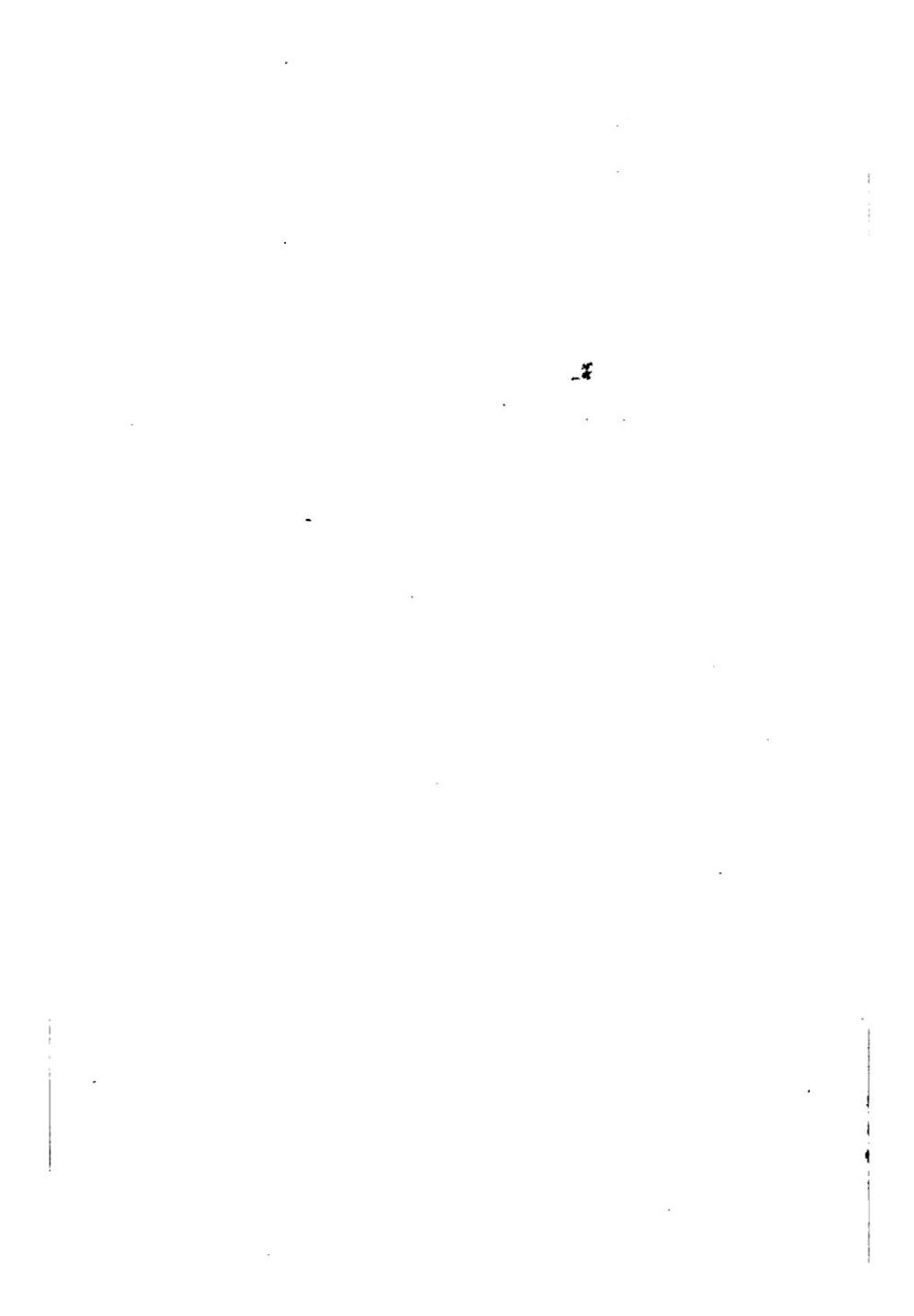
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HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.

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HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“THE BOOK OF PSALMS
OF DAVID THE KING AND PROPHET ;”
“DAVID'S VISION ;”
&c., &c.



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P R E F A C E.

WHEN we take up any collection of "Psalms and Hymns," we cannot but be struck with the difference between the two. This difference does not arise solely from the former being founded on the Old Testament, and the latter on the New, but it is exhibited in a comparative coldness about the one, and a lively spirituality about the other. In consequence of this we find the Hymn is the general favourite, and therefore generally selected. One result of this has been that most of our modern collections are composed entirely of Hymns. Now why is this? How is it that Psalmody poetry is considered less devotional, or less adapted to spiritual song? The reason is that Hymn-writers, while giving full exercise to their spiritual and devotional feelings when writing Hymns, have but too generally, when composing Psalms, confined themselves to the mere words of David, without feeling them, instead of endeavouring to catch the spirit of his Psalms: they have too generally

merely thrown the Psalm into verse ; and such paraphrases, however well they may have been executed, always appear to disadvantage by the side of the old familiar words of the Psalm itself.* While the Psalms of David will ever be cherished as the highest devotional expression of every child of God, the paraphrases and poetical versions of the Psalms are regarded as most uninteresting, from their being totally void of that fire and spirit which are characteristic of true poetry, but more particularly so of the inspired poetry of the Hebrews. In the original Psalm the poet was inspired by God, and every expression made use of shows the reality of the Psalmist's devotion, the ardour of his love to God, and the deep remorse of his own sin. But in the poetical version of these Psalms, instead of the holy Prophet's inspiration, and the Psalmist's genius, we see only the servile and laborious working of the often contemptible versifier. Thus the force and sacred character of the original are quite buried in the dull monotony of the lifeless copy. We take up the Book of Psalms as a book written by "the sweet Psalmist of Israel," a man after God's own heart, and inspired by the Holy Ghost : and in reading what he has written we endeavour to realize his life, and the circumstances under which he wrote his psalms, and to adopt what he wrote for our own instruction and godliness :

* Harless truly observes, "The best attempts of this kind only satisfy one in proportion as we are able first of all to banish the remembrance of the original from our mind."

but in turning these Psalms into metre, they are no longer the inspired words of God, “written for our admonition unto whom the ends of the world are come;” but by the necessity of verse much is left out, and much is added, so that they become our compositions, and these compositions not only lose by being deprived of the touch of inspiration, but also by the absence of much of their original teaching, and by having adopted much that is foreign and perhaps erroneous.

This treatment of the Psalms the author considers to be a mistake, and he has therefore made it his object to turn the Psalm into a Hymn ; a proceeding by which he believes one is more able to write poetry instead of verse ; as it not only emancipates the writer from the necessity of a too servile rendering of the original, by enabling him to give scope to those points to which he considers it desirable to give greater relevance ; but it permits him by so doing to cast his piece into a more perfect form. Let us take for example the first Psalm, and “turn it into metre : ”

How blest are all God's servants here,
Who walk in His just way ;
Who keep their feet in holy fear,
Lest they with sinners stray.

How blest who God's most holy word
Receive with great delight,
Who make their lives with it accord,
And serve Him day and night ;

Who sin and sinners always shun,
Who scornful men detest ;
In paths of righteousness who dwell,
And follow God's behest ;

Who reverence to His precepts give,
Who love His righteous ways ;
Who strive in holiness to live,
And learn to sing His praise.

The righteous man shall prosper here,
God watcheth o'er his ways ;
God shall preserve him in His fear,
And guard him all his days.

And then compare this Psalm with its altered appearance as exhibited in the first Hymn of the following collection, where being a Hymn and not a Psalm, it is capable of being cast in a new form.

The oriental style of the original, the length of the composition, its historical character, and the exact delineation of the Psalmist's thoughts, often cause the Psalm to wander discursively from one subject to another, and then back again ; but in the *Hymn* this procedure would be inadmissible. The restricted length of the Hymn, and its methodical arrangement, require the subject of each verse to proceed in one uniform succession, beginning perhaps with an expression of repentance or despair, followed by earnest prayer, and terminating with triumphant trust. The structure of a Hymn therefore should be harmonious, and its subject continuous. Expressions of affliction should be followed by ascriptions

of praise ; despair should be succeeded by hope, sorrow by joy and exultation, the cares and anxieties of earth should give place to the bliss and ecstasies of heaven. Blessing from God should lead to gratitude to God : doubts of God should be changed to trust and confidence in God ; love to greater love ; joy to greater joy ; faith to greater faith : all feelings should be intensified ; so that at the conclusion of the Hymn the soul should be left in a state of ecstasy and of repose in God.

Even with the Psalms as they stand, we find evidence of this artificial construction. Most of the Psalms conclude with an antiphon, giving emphasis to the subject-matter of the Psalm, or to some particular portion of it: and we find sometimes the natural order of the discourse changed, so as to make the structure more harmonious. Thus, the sixty-eighth Psalm should have begun at the seventh verse—

“ O God, when Thou wentest forth before the people.”

Instead of which it begins more emphatically by quoting the words which Moses uttered (*Numbers x. 25*), each time that the ark went forward :—

“ Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered ;
Let them also that hate Him flee before Him.”

In the thirtieth Psalm the natural order would have been to begin with the sixth verse :—

“ In my prosperity I said—I shall never be removed ;
Thou, Lord, of Thy goodness hast made my hill so strong.”

Instead of which we find the Psalmist begins with praise, and ends with praise :—

“ I will magnify Thee, O Lord,
For Thou hast set me up,
And hast not made my foes to triumph over me.”

“ Therefore shall my soul sing of Thy praise without ceasing :
O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever.”

So again in the following Psalm, the thirty-first, the natural order would have been to begin with the tenth verse :—

“ Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble,
And mine eye is consumed for very heaviness.”

Instead of which we find the Psalmist begins and ends with an expression of trust in God :—

“ In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust : ”

“ Be strong and He shall strengthen your heart,
All ye that put your trust in the Lord.”

Many other instances might be quoted, as in the two following Psalms, xxxii. and xxxiii.; but these are sufficient to show that great care and attention was displayed by the royal Psalmist in the structure and arrangement of his poems. But the arrangements of a Hymn are different from those of a Psalm. To convert a Psalm into a Hymn requires a further attention to regularity of structure, particularly as the restricted length of the latter necessitates the seizing only the more striking portions, and rejecting not only those which are subsidiary,

but those which, however important, are foreign to the burthen of the Hymn.

We have next to observe the peculiarities of structure which the Psalm may exhibit. Thus the most general feature of Hebrew poetry is its antiphon, as in Psalm civii. which naturally should find its corresponding place in the Hymn. Other peculiarities to be noticed are collo-cations, alphabetical or acrostic arrangements, the occasional introduction of triplets, the use of catch-words, and many others. In transferring to the Hymn all these peculiar characteristics of Hebrew poetry, it is necessary that we study attentively and with devotion these sacred poems: and the more we study them, the more we shall be impressed with the fervour of the Psalmist's piety, and the more that piety will be stirred up within our own souls: and who can doubt that, according as this is accomplished, the Hymn founded on the holy aspiration, the fervid piety, the deep contrition, the constant sense of God's presence, the steadfastness of trust, the heartfelt gratitude, the humbleness of mind, the missionary zeal, the abhorrence of sin, united with the holy inspiration of the prophet David, should be as superior, if rightly handled, to the ordinary Hymn composed by man on uninspired man's thoughts, as that Hymn, being original and flowing from inward conviction and depth of feeling, was superior to the dry paraphrase or Psalm in metre written without feeling? If we are cast down by a sense of our own sin, where shall we find words which wil

so well give expression to our feelings as those we meet with in David's Psalms? But however great may be the evidence of deep contrition which we here meet with, this is only one of the phases of David's feelings; for in other instances we find an equal intensity of trust and confidence in God; in others, an abhorrence of sin and sinners; in others, of exultation of joy; in others, of praise to God. In fact, in whatever David wrote, his whole soul was poured out to God, and this constitutes the wonderful excellence of his compositions. The secret of this lay in his constant sense of God's presence. God was ever present in his thoughts. Unlike the wicked, of whom it is said, "God is not in all (any of) their thoughts;" with David, God was in *all* his thoughts. If with the blessed Virgin, the thought of giving birth to a Saviour, and having Him bodily present before her eyes, filled her soul with an overwhelming sense of God's goodness, causing her to say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," it was this same sense of God's presence that so constantly filled the heart of the Psalmist with joy, causing him to say, "I have set God always before me: for He is on my right hand." If Abraham, the friend of God, walked with God, and looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; David, in like manner, animated by God's presence, exclaimed, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help: my help cometh even from the Lord

who made heaven and earth." If it was Christ's bodily presence which so enhanced the bitterness of Peter's repentance, when "the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter," it was this same sense of God's presence that made David's sin appear to him so dreadful, and made him say, "Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." If Job's faith in God's presence enabled him to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," it was the same sense of God's presence which enabled David to say, "Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." If St. Paul had a constant longing for God's presence, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, we hear David in like manner saying, "My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?" Thus we see that it was this constant sense of God's presence which, notwithstanding his sins, caused him to be chosen of God as a man after God's own heart; this same sense of God's presence animating his songs, which caused him to be called "the sweet Psalmist of Israel." In our own hymns and prayers we constantly complain of our coldness and deadness to God, of our lukewarmness and indifference to things eternal: we meet with no such complainings on David's part, and the reason is that he had no such feelings. He served God, and he loved Him with all his heart; he sinned, and he repented

with all his heart. There was no half-love with David ; and he “loved God with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength.” We cannot hope to imitate David’s song, unless we imitate David’s love.

As Hebrew poetry consists essentially in a correspondence of sense between the members of the verse, without requiring either rhyme or metre ; so in modern poetry it is found that rhyme and metre alone will not make poetry. There may be rhyme, there may be rhythm, there may be a lavish employment of stock words often found in poetry ; but unless there be a pervading influence of sense and feeling, it is only like the nonsense verses of our youthful exercises.

The last element which is necessary for the conversion of a Psalm into a Hymn is to give it a Christian character. David, as we have seen in a former Essay,* was privileged to foretell Christ, and to believe in Him. Can we suppose that David, if he were now living, would not express himself in much the same language as we do when speaking of Christ, and of His salvation ? Just then as a mere literal translation of any author is a bad translation, as it does not express the idioms, nor give the true sense of the language into which it is translated ; so the too literal rendering of David’s Psalms is a bad rendering of those sublime Psalms. To

* “David’s Vision, with a Preliminary Dissertation, showing David’s Prophecy of Christ.” 1872.

make them useful for our own purposes, we must take the meaning, and fervour, and devotion of David's Psalms, and render them into Christian language. But in doing so we must preserve, as far as is practicable, the peculiarity and structure of the original poetry, so that while we render the Hebrew poetry into Christian language, we must at the same time carry ourselves back to the times and circumstances of the Jewish Psalmist. We thus identify ourselves with him, and him with us : we catch the holy prophet's fervour, and he attains our Christian grace. Not that, as before said, this Christian grace is not found in the Book of Psalms, but it is expressed more according to our language.

But while we object to the Psalm in metre, from its being a mere paraphrase, from the cold, mechanical, laboured manner in which it has been produced, and from the name of "Psalm" giving it a fictitious value, a value which it does not possess—for while it professes to be one of the inspired Psalms of David, it has, as we have seen, lost all its character: we must remember that the Hymn is essentially human—it has no claim to inspiration, either in fact or name. We endeavour to make it conformable to God's word, but it is the simple offering of our heart to God. We first pray to God that He may enable us to praise Him: but we know that we cannot praise Him as we ought, that our highest praise is but imperfect praise, and that it is of God's goodness that He accepts it.

Lord, what am I, that Thou should'st deign
To suffer me to sing Thy praise :
To approach within Thy sacred fane,
To offer there my songs and lays !

The great and wise can nothing give
Worthy of Thine acceptance, Lord :
And yet Thou deignest to receive
A tribute from a soul ignored !

Should saints and angels stand apart,
The stones would instantly cry out :
For Thou canst melt the stony heart,
And make it burst with choicest fruit.

Now, having ceased my song, I'll hang
My lyre upon Thy hallowed shrine :
That lyre with which Thy praise I sang
Shall be but Thine, and only Thine.

But yet my lyre I'll seize again
When once I reach Thy heavenly shore :
And then with loftier, holier strain,
Will praise Thee, Lord, for evermore.

There, when I've joined Thy saints above,
I'll place me in the hindmost throng,
And tell of all Thy wondrous love,
And offer Thee my grateful song.

Then shall my earthly song give place
To music of a loftier key :
To music of Thy ransomed race,
To songs and hymns inspired by Thee !

HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

WE think of heaven, and we long
To see the saints of God ;
To join them in their bursts of song,
To rest in their abode :

So fair, so glorious, and so bright,
So beautiful and good !
So radiant with resplendent light,
A holy brotherhood !

But e'en on earth 'tis sweet to see
The child of God prepare
His footsteps for eternity,
By walking in God's fear.

To see him ne'er to sin consent,
And never cease to pray ;
But on his high resolve be bent
To keep God's holy way.

Like some fair tree he stands, and still
Fresh leaves puts daily forth :
And having thus fulfilled God's will,
In grace attains full growth.

Transplanted by God's hand, some day
In heaven he'll find a place :
Like angels clad in bright array,
All redolent of grace.

Then shall he see the saints of God
So beautiful and bright ;
Then shall he dwell in their abode,
In equal glory dight !

How blest to be by Jesus' side,
Yea, how supremely blest ;
To be with Him at even-tide,
To enter in His rest.

That this may be our lot, may we
In God put our delight ;
His law obey, His children be,
And serve Him day and night.

PSALM IV. 3.

“ But know that the Lord hath chosen the godly unto Himself.”

How frail are all our songs of joy,
How are they mixèd with alloy !
But when we reach the courts of heaven,
Earth will no longer mix its leaven.

Our hearts how cold, our tongues how tied,
Restrainèd by false sense of pride !
But when in heaven, we'll never tire
To praise our God with tongues of fire.

How frail are e'en the best we see,
How compassed with infirmity !
But when in heaven they take their place,
They will be fillèd with all grace.

Oh how my heart doth beat to know
That those whom I esteemèd so,
Shall in the heavens with brightness shine,
Clad in God's glory all divine.

Henceforth, when I God's servants meet,
Them as God's angels I will greet ;
And fancy I can here discern
The kings who in the heaven shall reign.

Forgetting all their failings here,
Forgiving what doth wrong appear,
I'll see them as in heaven they'll be,
Perfect in holiness through Thee !



PSALM VI.

HAVE mercy, Lord !
For I am very weak.
Filled with remorse, Thy face I seek :
Thy help, Thy grace afford.

Heal me, O God !
Diseased with sin I stand !
I have transgressed Thy just command,
And merit all Thy rod !

I mourn all day :
At night I get no sleep.
The livelong night mine eyelids weep :
My beauty fades away.

Turn, Lord, once more !
Save, for Thy mercy's sake !
On all my sufferings pity take :
My sins I now deplore.

Tempter, away !
God listens to my cry.
God hears me from His throne on high :
God hears me when I pray.

PSALM VIII.

BREAK forth with joy, ye saints, and sing
 God's everlasting praise :
 Bring forth your harps, your psalteries bring,
 Prepare melodious lays.
 For "God, OUR God," is God alone ;
 He did the worlds create :
 The "Lord, OUR Lord," doth sinners own ;
 His grace is infinite.

Throughout the world, "O Lord, OUR Lord,"
 How excellent Thy name !
 The heavens above obeyed Thy word,
 Robed in their glorious frame.
 For then, "O Lord, OUR Lord," they sang—
 "How excellent Thy name !"
 From worlds to worlds their praises rang,
 And still their song's the same.

How wondrous then that God on high
 Should man on earth behold :
 That He should listen to his cry,
 And draw him to His fold !
 Oh then that "God, OUR God" may be,
 That we His love may praise ;
 And worshipping on bended knee,
 To Him just tribute raise.

How wonderful that man so weak
Should lord of this world be;
And after death that Thou shouldst seek
To make him reign with Thee!
There "God, OUR God," shall we then sing,
" How excellent Thy name!"
Then shall we see OUR Lord and King,
And sing this song again.



PSALM XI.

WHEN compassed round by angry foes,
When faint and sinking to the ground,
When burdened sore by heavy woes,
And feeling darkness all around,—
Then will I to my God repair,
And He will raise me from the dust:
My God will listen to my prayer,
If in His strength alone I trust.

Let Satan then no more deride;
He cannot lead me to despair:
I in my God shall safe abide,
For He will keep me in His care.
No longer shall I feel my woes,
No longer shall I feel distrest:
Safe in His arms shall I repose,
And in His bosom seek my rest.

For God the Lord enthroned on high,
Whom highest angels e'er adore,
Doth e'er vouchsafe to hear my cry,
Doth e'er regard the humble poor.
Holy and true is God Most High!
And holy must His people be:
Oft doth He us His children try,
But will not fail to set us free.

PSALM XIII.

How long shall troubles press me round :
How long shall I my sins bewail ?
My heart lies chainèd to the ground,
While Satan still doth me assail.
How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
How long withhold Thy promised word ?
O Lord, how long ?

Remember now my low estate,
Give ear unto my earnest prayer :
New strength and grace in me create,
And guard me with Thy watchful care.
Let not my foes o'er me prevail,
Let them no longer mock and rail,
With cruel wrong.

But, Lord, my trust is in Thy word :
Thou in Thy mercy dost me raise :
Thou Thy salvation dost afford,
And fill'st my heart with joyful praise.
Now all Thy loving grace I'll sing :
Now unto Thee, O God my King,
I'll raise my song.

PSALM XIX.

How great, how vast, how wonderful,
The illumined vault of night!
How exquisite, how beautiful,
The silvery stars of light!
Those stars which on the patriarchs shone
Still night by night do shine;
For He who spake, and it was done,
Is Sovereign Lord divine!

How great, how vast, how wonderful,
The sun, the orb of day;
Which in obedience to God's rule
Imparts its genial ray.
From east to west it bends its course,
Rejoicing in its rays;
Of light, and heat, and health the source
To God's eternal praise.

So great, so vast, so wonderful,
Is God's eternal Word;
So exquisite, so beautiful,
The gems within it stored!
Like as the noonday sun, its power
Doth penetrate the reins;
And as the soft refreshing shower
With constant grace sustains.

If then so great, so wonderful,
Is God our King above,
Oh let our hearts be ever full
 Of gratitude and love !
Oh may we long to see that SUN
 Which on the nations shone ;
The glory of that Holy One,
 On His supernal throne !



PSALM XX.

HEAR, Lord, Thy servants' prayer
Our Sovereign deign to bless :
Keep her in Thy fixed care,
O Lord our righteousness !

When troublous times arise,
Her supplications hear :
When Thou behold'st her sighs,
Most graciously draw near.
From heaven, O Lord, look down,
From Sion Thine abode :
We trust in Thee alone :
Thou art our hope, O God !

When seeking but Thy praise,
And bowing to Thy will,
What time she prayer doth raise,
Do Thou that prayer fulfil.
So shall Thy saints rejoice,
And triumph in Thy name :
To praise with joyful voice
Shall be our constant aim.

They that in chariots trust,
And that on horse rely,
Shall stumble in the dust,
And in the dust shall lie.
But we in God Most High
Put confidence alone :
For we all foes defy,
Through Christ the Holy One.

When thus to Thee we cry,
Thou wilt Thine ear incline:
Thy favour from on high
Shall ever on us shine.



PSALM XXII.

SINNERS, behold how God on high
For us His glory laid aside!
For us did Christ our Saviour die,
For us our blessed Saviour died!

High let us then our voices raise,
And high extol the Lord Most High!
Let all the earth unite to praise
Him who transgression passeth by!

For He the weak doth not despise,
The fallen He doth not abhor:
He ever looks with tender eyes,
Remembering all our sins no more.

How should we then our Lord adore
For all His benefits bestowed!
How should we love Him evermore,
From whom such tender pity flowed!

For me, and for my house, I vow,
We will Thy servants ever be:
What Thou hast done my lips shall show,
In time, and in eternity.

PSALM XXIII.

WHY should I fear? The Lord my God
Will guide me with a shepherd's rod.
What though the mighty billows roll,
What though the floods o'erwhelm my soul,
E'en when I'm called to yield my breath,
E'en when I pass the gates of death,
E'en then shall I no evil fear,
For Thou, O Lord, wilt still be near!

As sheep obey the shepherd's call,
As the good shepherd knows them all,
As he to pasture leads them forth,
And carries them of tender growth,
As he the erring sheep doth guide,
And draws the wayward to his side,
As he protects them all from harm,
And watches e'er with out-stretched arm;—

So, Lord, do Thou our Shepherd be,
So, Lord, may we now follow Thee;
So do Thou now our souls convert,
And save from Satan's deadly hurt;
So do Thou all our sins outcast,
And draw us to Thy fold at last.
There in Thy presence may we dwell,
There evermore Thy praise forth-tell.

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth and all that therein is
Is God's. All things were made by Him.
He made the heavens, the earth, the seas.
Wake then, my lyre, His praise to hymn.

Who shall ascend God's holy hill?
And who approach His blest abode?
He that hath kept God's holy will,
Hath walked according to His code.

Lift up your heads, ye gates. For see!
The Lord of hosts doth enter in!
Lift up your heads. Behold, 'tis He
Who conquered Satan, death, and sin.

Who is the King of Glory? He
Who with His saints now entereth in!
The Lord of hosts, who set us free
From Satan's thraldom, death, and sin.

Oh that we, Lord, with Thee may come;
Oh do Thou, Lord, our spirits bless;
That we may Satan overcome,
Be clothèd with Thy righteousness.

PSALM XXV.

LORD, I have sinned ! With deep remorse
I look on all my life-long course :
I lay my head in sorrow down,
Distracted at Thy awful frown :
O'erwhelmed, I sink with deep dismay,
At thought of all my sins' array.

Lord, I have sinned ! But now, O Lord,
Do Thou Thy timely aid afford :
O look Thou on my misery,
And for Thy name's sake quicken me.
Oh that my feet no more may stray,
But every thought of sin allay.

Lord, I have sinned ! But Thou my sin
Shalt purge away, till all within
Is like the drifted snow made white,
And pure be reckoned in Thy sight.
O guide my footsteps in Thy way,
Then shall my soul Thy laws obey.

Lord, who can sin, when Thou such love
Dost shower upon us from above !
Thy law's observance giveth rest,
And maketh us supremely blest.
O grant that while on earth I stay,
I love Thee more, each day by day.

PSALM XXVIII.

To Thee, O Lord my God, I cry !
O hear me from Thy throne on high :
For if Thou turn Thine ear away,
I must to Satan fall a prey.

O shut not up my soul with those
Who here alone do seek repose :
Who of earth's joys make all their store,
At loss of joys for evermore.

Oh that they would but bear in mind
The works of a Creator kind !
Oh that they would but learn to know
The mercies from His hand which flow !

My soul, strike thou thy joyful lyre,
For He hath answered thy desire !
I trusted in the Lord,—and He
Hath heard my prayer, and set me free !

My heart doth beat with joy to see
God's eye in mercy bent on me :
Henceforth shall God be all my song ;
For to Him doth all praise belong.

PSALM XXX.

I LIVED in pleasure, and I thought
No troubles could my path o'erspread !
Thou turn'dst Thy face, and I was brought
To misery and anguish dread !

I cried unto my God—"O God,
I pray Thee put away my sin :
Remove from me Thy chastening rod,
Make Thou Thy servant pure within."

No sooner did I thus confess,
Than He His mercy did restore :
He gave to me HIS righteousness,
And grace to go and sin no more.

Ye saints of God, approach to bless
And magnify the Lord with me ;
If in a night come heaviness,
With morning light He sets us free.

Therefore, O Lord my God, I'll raise
My voice to join the choirs above :
And sing, through never ending days,
Of all Thy mercy and Thy love !

PSALM XXX. 5.

“ Heaviness may endure for a night :
But joy cometh in the morning.”

WHEN sundry ills my life-path cross,
When storms and fearful tempests toss,
Then will I at Thy footstool fall,
In faith Thy gracious words recall—

“ Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy shall break forth with morning light.”

When called to give up those most dear,
When nought but gloom and woe appear,
I'll look to meet them once again,
And with them join the loud refrain—

“ Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy shall break forth with morning light.”

Should health, or all my powers soon fail,
Should sudden poverty assail,
Meekly I'll give up all for Thee,
Thy word shall still my portion be—

“ Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy shall break forth with morning light.”

When death itself shall on me wait,
And bid me pass his narrow gate,
Thy word shall comfort then afford,
For I shall then be with my Lord!

“Though heaviness endure a night,
Joy shall break forth with morning light.”

When habiting the worlds of space,
I'll call to mind Thy works of grace;
And when I think of woes past here,
Thy word shall ring within mine ear—

“Though heaviness endured a night,
Joy hath broke forth with morning light.”



PSALM XXXII.

How blest is he whose sins at length
 Forgiveness from his God have found ;
Who, trusting in his Saviour's strength,
 Doth ever in His grace abound.

How blest to find himself released
 From all the terrors of God's wrath ;
To find the power of sin hath ceased,
 Himself from guilt and death come forth !

No sooner did I all confess,
 And flee unto the Lord my God,
Than He did raise me from distress,
 And graciously removed His rod.

Thou shalt support my soul in care,
 Thou art my helper in alarm :
Therefore to Thee I make my prayer,
 To Thee I raise my joyful psalm.

Come then, and join your songs with mine,
 God's mercy and His love proclaim :
Let love and gratitude combine
 To laud and magnify His name.

PSALM XXXIV.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

COME, ye children, 'tis God's word—
 “If ye would be happy here,
Ye must serve and love the Lord,
 Living in His faith and fear.”
Ye are all now fair and young,
 Evil must you then eschew;
From all guile preserve your tongue,
 Peace must seek, and it ensue.

God doth watch His saints below,
 And doth ever hear their prayer;
But He sees with troubled brow
 Those who still His anger dare.
He doth hear the contrite sigh,
 And deliverance doth send;
He doth hear the righteous cry,
 And their troubles cause to end.

Then to God your thanks now give,
 And for ever sing His praise:
To His glory you must live,
 And your hands in worship raise.
Magnify the Lord with me,
 All your songs let be of Him:
And with heart-felt melody
 Let your infant voices hymn.

PSALM XXXVI.

WHEN on the world I look around,
And see how wicked men abound;
See how their every deed and thought
With innate wickedness is fraught,
How God is not in all their sight,
Preferring darkness unto light,—
My spirit grieves so long to dwell
With those who all God's grace repel.

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Distressèd thus, I turn to Thee,
The fount of light and equity.
Above the clouds Thy mercy reigns,
Thy love and faithfulness ne'er wanes :
Thy righteousness like light doth shine,
Thy judgments with Thy love entwine.
How excellent Thy mercy, Lord ;
And all Thy grace on man outpoured !

O let that grace on me be shed,
That in Thy statutes I may tread,
'Till in Thy presence I awake
'Midst joys obtained through Jesus' sake ;
And in Thy courts the bliss possess
To see Thee in Thy righteousness ;
For ever with my God to be,
And praise Him in eternity !

PSALM XXXVII.

STRIVE not others' faults to see,
 Grieve not at another's gain ;
Strive thou from thine own to flee,
 Grieve alone at sin's sad stain.
Make the Lord thy sole delight,
 Trust thy way unto His care :
Thou shalt shine as morning light,
 Thou shalt all His goodness share.

Fret not, though the wicked scorn,
 Envy not their boasted pelf ;
Though they high lift up their horn,
 Seeking but to live for self.
Better is a good man's lot,
 Better far, though low it be,
Than if riches be ill got,
 Gain which leads to misery.

Fret not, though thou slandered be,
 All is ordered for the best :
God shall send and comfort thee,
 Till He take thee to His rest.
Hold thee then upon thy Lord,
 Patiently in Him abide ;
Pray that He may grace afford :
 Trustfully in Him confide.

Fret not, lest thou evil do;
But all murmuring thoughts repress:
Only to thy God be true;
Thou shalt heaven and earth possess.
Whilst below, in wisdom walk,
Then of Him shalt thou be taught:
Only of His mercy talk,
And of what for us He wrought.



PSALM XXXVIII.

LORD, hear my cry;
Rebuke me not in wrath;
Let not Thy judgments issue forth;
Or else I die!

Thy chastening stay;
No health is in my bones:
My strength consumes in sighs and groans:
Turn not away!

O'erwhelmed by sin,
My guilt I cannot bear:
But, notwithstanding all my care,
Fall deeper in!

All bruised and sore,
In vain I strive to rise:
And while my tears bedew mine eyes,
With anguish roar!

Diseased and faint,
No soundness doth remain:
No spot, I must confess with shame,
Is free from taint!

Loathing my sin,
My guilt I now confess :
Remove from me all wickedness,
And cleanse within.

Lord, hear my cry,
Forsake me not, O Lord !
In my distress Thy help afford,
Thy strength supply.



PSALM XXXIX.

How vain are this world's tinselled toys,
Compared with heaven's celestial joys !
The greatest good we prized so high,
Is but delusive vanity !

My days are but a span in length,
Thou hast consumèd all my strength :
Lord, Thy afflicting hand withdraw,
And guard me that I sin no more.

Thy chastening I admit is just,
I bow before Thee in the dust :
But now, O Lord, my prayer receive,
And all my bitter woes relieve.

My hope in Thee alone I place,
O may I ever seek Thy face !
And daily strive more meet to be
Received in heaven, my God, by Thee !

PSALM XXXIX. 15.

"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more seen."

IN childhood's age I often strayed,
And at religion scoffing made :
But Thou didst me in pity spare,
And guard me with Thy tender care.

As childhood unto youth gave place,
To every folly I gave chase :
Yet still Thou didst in pity spare,
That I might of my sins beware.

As into man's estate I rose,
In this world's joys I sought repose :
Yet even still Thou didst me spare,
That I might to my God repair.

Oh, how I grieve that I so long
Have of my sins been borne along ;
And when Thou didst in pity spare,
I did not from my sins forbear.

But now, before Thy feet I fall,
Hearken, O Saviour, to my call.
Give grace, and strength, and still me spare,
That for Thy presence I prepare.

PSALM XL.

My heart doth fail me at the thought
 Of all my long indulg'd sin!
Of all the ills which sin hath wrought,
 Of all the spots concealed within!

But God my Lord hath heard my prayer,
 Hath brought me from the loathsome pit,
In mercy doth His anger spare,
 And all my past offence forget.

He took me from the mire and clay,
 And set my feet upon a rock:
He guides my footsteps in His way,
 And gathers me within His flock.

He causeth me His songs to sing,
 And putteth new ones in my mouth;
Thanksgivings to my God and King,
 Replete with odours of the south.

How wondrous are His works of grace,
 His thoughts to fallen man how deep!
He helpeth us to run our race,
 In all our ways He doth us keep.

Now will I all Thy love declare,
From songs of praise I'll ne'er refrain;
That others may approach in prayer,
And pardon and salvation gain.

So shall all men in Thee rejoice,
And praise Thee as their God adored.
Look on us then! O hear our voice,
And tarry not Thy coming, Lord!



PSALMS XLII., XLIII.

As pants the hart for mountain rill,
As thirsts it for the limpid fount—
So longs my soul for Sion's hill,
So longs to reach God's holy mount.

Though oft mine enemies deride,
Though oft sad thoughts my soul oppress—
Still in Thy strength will I abide,
Still look to Thee in my distress.

Why then, my soul, shouldst thou distrust?
Why all God's benefits forget?
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
In Thy name will I praise Thee yet.

When angry billows 'gainst me move,
When waves on waves against me press—
Each morn shall bring returning love,
Each night Thy holy name I'll bless.

I'll think of that most sacred land,
I'll think of Sion, and its hill—
Where I shall stand at Thy right hand,
Where Thou with praise my heart shalt fill.

Why then, my soul, shouldst thou distrust ?
Why all God's benefits forget ?
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
In Thy name will I praise Thee yet.

Why, Lord, Thy suppliant cast away ?
Why Satan let my soul oppress ?
Send forth Thy light to guide my way,
Send forth Thy truth and righteousness.

So shall I then Thy courts draw near,
So shall I then my offerings bring ;
And worship Thee with holy fear,
And joyfully give thanks and sing.

Why then, my soul, shouldst thou distrust ?
Why all God's benefits forget ?
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
In Thy name will I praise Thee yet.

PSALM XLVI.

OUR hope and strength Immanuel is !
In troubles and calamities.
When sea and waves shall roar and swell,
We in His trust will ever dwell ;
When earth shall move, and mountains shake,
The Lord of hosts our Refuge make.

Praise let us sing with sweet accords—
THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS !

For threatening waves, and swelling floods,
Rivers of joy shall flow for good :
God's church shall they refresh and calm,
God's people heal with cooling balm.
Awake, ye saints, with zeal awake,
The Lord of hosts your Refuge make.

Praise let us sing with sweet accords—
THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS !

Though kings should rage, and peoples rise,
Without God's will their power dies.
Exalt Him then, ye people all ;
Exalt Him, subject to His call.
The Lord of hosts as Captain take,
The Lord of hosts your Refuge make.

Praise let us sing with sweet accords—
THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS !

PSALM XLVII.

BEHOLD our God arise !
His glory fills the skies !
High let us then our voices raise,
To celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Approach His sacred throne ;
Jehovah, God alone !
He for His people will provide,
And ever in our hearts abide.

O come then, praises sing ;
Praise to Jehovah, King !
To Him who sits in heaven enthroned,
And with effulgent glory crowned.

Ye nations far draw near :
Approach in holy fear.
As God alone in heaven doth reign,
So let one faith on earth obtain.

PSALM XLVIII.

BEHOLD God's church on earth,
How beautiful, how fair!
How beautiful to watch her growth
Nourished by Jesu's care!

By grace she first arose,
Founded by God alone!
Her saints the pinnacles compose,
And Christ the corner-stone!

Foes shall in vain assail;
Through Christ she standeth fast:
In every conflict shall prevail,
And triumph at the last.

Be with us ever, Lord,
Thy Sion to protect:
Thy wonted Spirit e'er afford,
To guard Thine own elect.

O Sion, blest, rejoice!
Lift up your voice from far!
Ye saints of God, lift up your voice,
And praise Him evermore!

PSALM L.

GOD's throne is set! The mighty God
Doth call the nations to His feet!
From heavenly Sion, His abode,
He calls us to His judgment-seat!

Silence will He no longer keep:
Ye heavens and earth obey His word!
Lest judgments like the lightning leap,
Or like the tempest sweep His sword!

“How long will ye My name invoke,
And be regardless of My will?
How long will ye My wrath provoke,
And never will My will fulfil?

“Think ye to serve with incensed rites,
And hearts the while by sin enslaved?
Hope ye with carnal sacrifice
To get your guilty conscience saved?

“Will ye to other gods incline,
And trust in saints' or angels' name?
Will ye despise that Name divine
Through which salvation I proclaim?

“But ye who will My servants be,
Sweet offerings of love must bring;
And praying in sincerity,
Your hymns and praises to Me sing.”

PSALM LI.

'Tis not alone I pardon seek
For all my past offence:
'Tis not alone for safety sake
I ask for Thy defence:

'Tis that I now henceforth may live
Free from the power of sin:
'Tis that Thou wouldest Thy Spirit give,
To make me pure within.

Alas, in sin I am conceived;
But Thou dost truth require.
Too long, alas, have I Thee grieved,
And merited Thine ire.

Against Thee only have I sinned,
And all Thy love repelled.
Against Thy love, so good, so kind,
I've constantly rebelled.

O purge my soul, and make it clean:
O wash me in the flood:
Then shall I white as snow be seen,
Cleansed by Thy precious blood.

Cast forth my sins behind Thy back ;
Remember them no more :
O free me from their dread attack ;
Restore me, as of yore.

Then shall Thy presence fill with joy ;
Then shall my flesh rejoice ;
And happy then without alloy
Shall sing with grateful voice.



PSALM LVII.

WITH thy best faculties my soul awake !
Thy lute and harp, thy psaltery take :
The glories of creation sing,
And its more glorious God and King !

How fair are this world's sunny fields,
Its woods, its vales, its lakes, its hills—
More glorious far the heaven above,
The region of eternal love !

How glorious are the orbs divine,
Which night by night in splendour shine—
More glorious far in heaven is He,
The Source of life, and all we see !

How glorious must the angels be,
In joy, and love, and purity—
More glorious far is God their Lord :
For them He sends to do His word.

My fixed resolve while here I stay,
Shall be to praise Thee, day by day :
For glorious though Thy works may be,
Their glory all proceeds from Thee !

PSALM LVII. 9.

“ Awake my soul !
Awake psaltery and harp !
I myself will awake right early.”

TIS good each day of heaven to think,
And of its wondrous joys to drink ;
'Tis good to wish the time were come
When we shall enter in our home.

Yet even this will wrong become,
To be of fancy overcome,
Forgetting, while on earth we stay,
The duties of each separate day.

While longing now to share God's love,
With all His blessed saints above,
I will with diligence take heed
To follow where His precepts lead.

O then, my soul, no longer dream
Or idly hope for joys supreme :
But all thy energies awake
That in the fight thy path thou take.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with God's servants bear thy part:
Who never cease to do His will,
And all His blest commands fulfil.

Not only serve with harp and lute,
But let thine actions bear forth fruit:
With fixed resolve His will to do,
Till in His time He call for you.



PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my prayer:
And let my crying reach Thine ear!
For when I worship in Thy fear,
In distant lands I'll find Thee near,
 In midst of care.

Thou art my Rock,
My Shield, my Fortress, and Defence!
Safe shall I be in every sense,
Till Thou shalt come to call me hence,
 To join Thy flock.

With Thee I'll dwell,
Who once for erring mortals died:
And in Thy courts in heaven abide,
And, with the angels by Thy side,
 Thy praises swell!

Then will I sing,
Oh with what joy I'll sing Thy praise!
Oh with what bliss my anthems raise!
And worship Thee through endless days,
 My God and King!

PSALM LXII.

“ Only upon God wait thou, my soul.”

“ Only He is my strength and my salvation.”—(1, 2, 5, 6)

“ Only to thrust Him down from His dignity do they devise.”—(4.)

“ Only vanity are the children of men.”—(9.)

WITH patience waits my soul, O God,
On Thee for fixed and sure abode;

Fear shall not trouble me.

Only through Thee is strength and might,
Only through Thee I gain the fight;

Only, my God, through THEE!

Still let my soul on Thee repose,
A refuge Thou from all my woes

Which e'er may harass me :

Only to Thee for succour look,
Only to Thee and Thy blest book :

Only, my God, to THEE!

Trust then in God, ye people all!

Give Him your heart, obey His call,

And gain security.

Only in Him will I confide,

Only in Him content abide ;

Only, my God, in THEE!

In self or works I put no trust,
In priest, or man, or thing of dust ;
 All these are vanity.
Only by Thee I take my stand,
Only I guide me by Thy hand,
 Only, my God, by THEE !

Grant me, O Lord, Thy child to be,
Grant me, O Lord, Thy face to see,
 Throughout eternity !
Only on Thee my hopes I place,
Only on Thee, Thy love and grace,
 Only, my God, on THEE !



PSALM LXV. 5.

"Thou wilt show us wonderful things in Thy righteousness,
O God of our salvation."

THOU art, O God, most wonderful!
 Of majesty divine!
In mercy, goodness, love, and grace,
 Transcendently sublime!

How wonderful Thy saving grace
 To us lost creatures given!
How wonderful the sacrifice!
 For us wert Thou, Lord, stricken!

How wonderful Thy holiness!
 How wonderful man's sin!
How wonderful that One so pure
 Should love so vile a thing!

How wonderful Thy righteousness
 How wonderful Thy love!
How passing wonderful to man,
 And angels pure above!

Oh, how I love Thee, gracious Lord,
With trembling, wondering love !
Oh, how I long to see Thy face
In highest heaven above !

In mercy, Lord, for Thy name's sake
My contrite spirit raise :
And my blest soul shall join Heaven's hymn
Of wonder, love, and praise.



PSALM LXVI.

“GLORY to God above!”
’Twas thus the angels sang:
From hill and dale, from wood and grove,
Their heavenly voices rang.

Thus let all lands rejoice;
Glad hymns as offerings bring:
And as on high we raise our voice,
God’s glory let us sing.

How glorious is our God!
How wondrous, and how great!
How great His love on man bestowed!
Who can His acts relate!

All shall His name adore,
All shall in praise unite:
O may we love Him more and more,
Most just and infinite!

God heareth when I cry;
He casteth none away:
He heareth from His throne on high:
Therefore to Him I’ll pray.

PSALM LXVII. 5.

“ Let the peoples praise thee, O God :
Let all the peoples praise Thee.”

O PRAISE the Lord, O praise Him ;
Praise ye His holy name :
For His great mercy praise Him ;
Praise ye His glorious fame.

For all His blessings praise Him ;
Praise for His saving health :
For light and guidance praise Him ;
Praise Him who conquered death.

Let all the nations praise Him ;
Praise let them shout and sing :
With joy and singing praise Him ;
Praise to Messiah King !

Let distant nations praise Him :
Praise for His righteous law :
Let differing nations praise Him ;
Praise, fear, and Him adore.

O praise the Lord, O praise Him
Praise thou, my soul, the Lord :
For His salvation praise Him ;
Praise to the Lamb adored !

PSALM LXXI.

WHEN I look back upon my life,
And think of all the ills I've past,
Afflictions, sickness, trouble, strife,
Which all my lifetime overcast ;
And think that Thou hast spared me still,
That so perchance I might amend,
That I might now obey Thy will,
And to Thy precepts might attend :—

Now, Lord, in my advancing years, do Thou
Thy erring servant ne'er forsake :
May I in wisdom daily grow,
And to Thy righteousness awake :
May my mouth now to others show
Thy power, and righteousness, and love ;
That children yet unborn may know
The way that leads to Thee above.

O fill my soul with Thoughts of Thee,
Teach me to sing and praise Thy name :
To praise Thee with the psaltery,
And wide extend Thy glorious fame.
Teach me the psalm and hymn to raise,
Upon the tuneful harp to sing,
With loving heart to sing Thy praise,
With grateful heart my offerings bring.

PSALM LXXI.

How hast Thou loved me, O my God !
How hast Thou borne with all my sin !
When travelling in the beaten road
Of sin and lust indulgèd in !

How didst Thou still in pity look !
How didst Thou still in love look down !
And blotted all from out Thy book !
And offered me a heavenly crown !

How hast Thou ordered all for good !
How hast Thou show'd all Thy strength !
Thou hast my wayward will subdued,
And brought me to Thy feet at length !

Now let me love Thee, O my Lord ;
Now let me love and praise Thy name :
Thy succour and Thy grace afford,
That I Thy mercy may proclaim.

O God, I cast me at Thy feet,
O God, unworthy as I am :
O purge my sins till I be meet
To enter then Thy heavenly realm.

Then will I, Lord, Thy grace confess,
Then will I all my powers employ,
To tell of all Thy righteousness,
In that eternal realm of joy.

PSALM LXXI. 1-4.

“ In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.”
“ Thou art my hope, even from my youth.”

THINK of the happy band
Of those whose race is run,
To whom is said in that blest land—
“ Servants of God, well done.”

May we with them be found,
May we too join the throng,
Where Jesu's praise shall e'er resound
In everlasting song.

To win those realms of light,
To us grant while we live,
Thy precepts, Lord, to keep in sight,
To Thee our hearts to give.

Grant that while here below,
While here we run our race,
While we in goodness daily grow,
In Thee our trust we place.

Though oft we've strayed and sinned,
Though long Thy grace withstood,
Grant us a new, a contrite mind,
Cleansed by Thy saving blood.

Then shall we hear the sound—
“Servants of God, well done!”
Enter, ye blest, where joys abound,
Blest of my Father, come.

Then shall *we* there be found,
Then shall *we* join the throng,
Where Jesu’s praise shall e’er resound
In everlasting song.



PSALM LXXXIII.

WHY should I grieve because less blest
With all that this world doth afford?
Why should my spirit have no rest,
From envy of another's hoard?

Shall I on this world set my store,
Its ease, its pleasures, and its toys?
Is it for this, and nothing more,
I'd barter Heaven and all its joys?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should be
So brutish thus to think and act!
That I should aught prefer to Thee,
That aught but Thee should me attract!

For whom have I in Heaven but Thee!
None can on earth with Thee compare:
Though heart and flesh should stricken be,
Thou art my portion still in prayer.

Thou holdest me by my right hand,
Thou with Thy counsel dost me guide,
Till with Thy ransomed ones I stand,
All clad with glory, by Thy side.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING we merry songs of joy,
Praises let our lips employ ;
Let the song of mourning cease,
Sing we songs of joy and peace.

Strike the hollow tabret's skin,
Take the Psalm, your praise begin :
Let the lute's soft accents chime
With the harp to quicker time.

'Tis by God's commands we sing,
'Tis His will that we should bring
At the trumpet's sacred blast
Songs of praise for mercies past.

Hear what God thy Lord doth say—
“If ye will My law obey,
Ever shall your days endure,
And My love for e'er be sure.”

God alone my God shall be ;
He all good things giveth me.
E'er will I His love proclaim,
E'er will glory in His name.

Songs will I then ever sing,
Praises to my God and King :
To sweet music join my voice,
Ever in His love rejoice.

PSALM LXXXIV.

OH that all eyes would now behold
The joys unseen, unknown, untold,
The glories of that land above,
The region of eternal love,
Where all is peace, and love, and joy,
Where pleasure reigns without alloy !

O may this city be our aim,
The heavenly Jerusalem !

My heart's desire, O Lord my God,
Is to behold Thy blest abode !
My longing soul and flesh do cry
To reach Thy mansions in the sky !
Like as the bird its home-nest eyes,
So, Lord, Thine altars do I prize.

To reach Thy courts shall be my aim,
And gain my home, Jerusalem !

Till then, while still I sojourn here,
I will in spirit draw me near :
Thy chastenings shall form a spring
Whence I shall healing waters bring :
And so from strength to strength attain,
Till I Thy courts in heaven gain.
To praise God there shall be my aim,
With all Thy saints, Jerusalem !

PSALM LXXXIV. 2.

“ My soul hath a desire and longing for the courts of the Lord :
My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.”

’Tis Sabbath morn ! Though all things seem the same
As when I wake on any other day,
Yet do I instantly perceive a change :
There is a holy calm around, a calm
Of universal Nature : symbol of the rest
Which those enjoy who live at peace with God.
Could we but look into the courts of Heaven,
And see the rest laid up for us of God,
We should entrancèd be at so much bliss,
And think of nothing till that rest were ours.
Oh, let us, while for this its rest we wait,
Seek a reflection of its bliss to share,
By communing with God in secret prayer.

’Tis Sabbath morn ! The day which God has made
For worship of Himself. I will arise,
And fill my soul with holy thoughts, will strive
To think of God ; and throughout all the day
To realise His presence. I will pray
That God may bless this Sabbath to my soul :
That He may wean my thoughts from earthly things,
And fix them only on the things of Heaven ;

That He His Spirit send to melt my heart,
And make me dedicate myself to Him.
With this resolve I will arise, and haste,
That so I may have time to meditate,
And thus approach with awe His sacred gate.

God's bell doth sound! It bids me to His fane :
Now soft and lulled, now swelling with the breeze.
To others thus it rang. Did they accept
The call with joy, or did it sound to them
In vain? If so, what would they now not give
Could they but hear it sound once more! Could they
Again fall down within His sacred courts,
And offer up their earnest heartfelt cry!
Soon shall I go to meet them in the grave;
Then shall this bell be hushed to me for e'er;
Here can I nevermore my prayers prefer,
Here can I nevermore my praises sing;
My supplications utter nevermore!
And nevermore to God in spirit soar!

Shall I then now approach with heedless step,
Shall I in trifling converse now engage;
"Th' unfinished story whisper in the porch,"
And then, when in the pew I take my seat,
Shall I with curious glances look around,
And see and mark who's present, and how dressed?
Lord, be this far from me! O let me now
In holy reverence draw near, and so

My thoughts arrange, that when within Thy house
They may be fixed on the love of Thee !
When I my prayers lift up, O let me feel
That they are granted ere they leave my lips.
When I Thy praises sing, O let my heart
With rapture glow, my voice proclaim Thy love
With notes of sweetest song, unless indeed
When choked with deep emotion. When addressed
By exhortation of the preacher's voice,
Let me not criticise his skill or style,
But study to apply all he may say
Unto my soul's advantage. If, alas,
The whole should barren seem ; or, still more sad,
Should of false teaching be ; then let my thoughts
Turn inwards to Thy Gospel, and my prayer
Rise to Thy holy Heaven, that Thy light
Be shed upon Thy Church and people glad,
And that all lands be gathered to Thy fold.
And when Thy Sabbath to a close is come,
Let me give thanks that so I have been spared
Another Sabbath upon earth to pass ;
Let me for grace beseech, that so I may
Each Sabbath fitter for His rest become,
Each day more certain that that rest is mine.
O may my thoughts be fixed on heaven above,
O may my love for evermore be Thine.
O may I long to meet Thy saints in heaven,
And ever, Lord, in Thy blessed presence stand.
Then shall my voice its joyful anthems raise,
Through endless Sabbaths pour forth all its praise !

PSALM LXXXVI. 12, 13.

“ I will thank Thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart,
And I will praise Thy name for evermore.
For great is Thy mercy toward me,
And thou hast delivered my soul from the nethermost hell.”

OH, how I grieve that I so long
Have of my sins been borne along !
That I so oft have gone astray,
And from my Saviour turned away !
How shall I now approach His throne ?
Or how for all my sins atone ?
Too late my wickedness I see :
Guilty and lost, I flee from Thee !

But rise : for lo, He calleth thee !
He looks on all thy misery :
His arms are open to receive,
Thou hast but only to believe.
Henceforth thy sins are blotted out ;
His arms do compass thee about ;
On His blest bosom shalt thou lie,
And peacefully lie down and die.

O Lord, obedient to Thy call,
Repentant at Thy feet I fall :

I fear no more the sting of death,
Most joyfully I'll yield my breath.
I think of nothing but Thy grace,
And long to see Thee face to face :
When the dark clouds reveal the sky,
I shall to God my Saviour fly.



PSALM LXXXVII.

THOU, Lord, in every clime hast some
Who from the realms of darkness come,
And gathered out of every tribe,
To Thee, O Lord, new birth ascribe.

From torrid zone, from sandy plain,
Where sin and idol-worship reign,
They pray from darkness to be free,
And new birth find, O Lord, in Thee.

How favoured then is this our land,
Whose Church is governed by Thy hand,
Whose children all in this agree—
That they be born anew to Thee !

O Sion, city of our God,
How blest to be in Thine abode !
Thy bliss to share, Thy glory see,
And new birth find to God in Thee.

Oh, when at length I shall arise,
And reach Thy mansions in the skies,
O Lord, shall this my glorying be—
That I am born anew in Thee !

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY love, O Lord, and truth shall be
The spring of all my minstrelsy :
For ever shall my song arise
To Thee as lowly sacrifice.

As generations come and go,
Thy praise shall from all lips o'erflow :
And Heaven itself the praise shall sing
And wonders of its glorious King !

For who is like the Lord on high,
Who hears us when to Him we cry ?
Whose truth to highest heaven extends,
Whose mercy all our hopes transcends !

Justice and truth do Thee surround,
While righteousness doth light around !
Mercy doth shine before Thy face,
The attribute of sovereign grace !

Ye people of the Lord, how blest
Who in His promises do rest !
Make then His statutes your delight ;
His countenance your joy and light.

Approach, ye saints, unite to bless
Jesus, the Lord your righteousness !
With reverence His courts draw near ;
Approach with joy and holy fear.

PSALM XC.

O LORD, our dwelling-place !
As age to age rolls on !
We bow before Thy face :
Thy servants look upon.

Before the worlds were made,
Before the heavens did shine,
Chaos Thy power obeyed,
Thou Sovereign Lord divine !

Man's longest age to Thee
Is nothing but a span !
A thousand years to Thee
Is time not yet begun !

O Lord, when Thou art wrath,
Our soul is lost in sighs :
Let but Thy word go forth,
It withers, droops, and dies.

Thy works, O Lord, how great !
Thy majesty how high !
Angels Thy power await :
Thy glory fills the sky !

If Thou prolong our days,
Then shall our souls rejoice :
Thy glorious name we'll praise,
And sing with joyful voice.

PSALM XCI.

WHILE in the Lord our hope we place,
And in His sure defence confide ;
While ever looking to His face,
And 'neath His shadow we abide ;
While in His holy paths we walk,
And in His strength we put our trust ;
While daily of His grace we talk,
And sin renounce, and all its lust—

The Lord our God shall 'neath His wing
Our soul from enemies defend ;
When to the Lord our prayers we bring,
He will us safe deliverance send :
His angels He will charge to keep
Our feet from stumbling in the way ;
To guard us when at night we sleep,
Protect us from our foes by day.

Yea, God our Lord shall set us free,
And when we call, shall hear our prayer ;
When captive, send us liberty,
And comfort us in all our care.
And when, at length, our race is run,
He will His saints to glory take ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
And save us for His mercy's sake.

PSALM XCI. 3.

“ He will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.”

ONCE passing through a beauteous, verdant vale,
Admiring oft the splendid scenery,
The sloping meads, the wooded heights, the clear
Blue sea, which oft the falling of the ground
Revealed ; I bent my steps to a small church
In distant fields ; musing, as I went,
On all the works of God, and on His love
And providence. It was the Sabbath morn.
There breathed around a holy calm ; fit type
And symbol of God’s sacred day of rest ;
When all the busy avocations of the week
Have ceased ; and, in obedience to God’s law,
Man seeks repose, for body and for soul.

Turning by chance, I saw in neighbouring field
Three idle, vagrant men. On the green grass
Before them were small cages of poor birds.
This told me they were fowlers : yet I saw
No snare or trap ; and wondered how they did
Their object gain. I paused not, yet saw,
E’en as I passed, a simple bird approach :
When instantly the fowler placed himself,
With eyes turned upward to behold his prey ;

Which, seeing others of its kind, came near,
Leaping and fluttering, enticèd, yet afraid.
It saw the men : but they so quiet were,
There could no danger be ! If other birds
Were there, and seemed so happy—for a bird,
Seeing its fellow in the air, carolled,
And sang from instinct, though itself encaged,
Thinking it was, or wishing to be free—
Why then should it not join them, and partake
Of food so temptingly displayed ? Poor bird !
The fowler drew a string ; when from the grass
Two huge flat nets, before invisible,
Sprang up, and joined ! Poor bird !—But no ! too soon !
The bird escapèd from the snare, and flew,
Rejoicing, trembling, thankful to be free.

As I passed by, I thought I saw our great
Arch Enemy holding the strings of snares—
Vain tinselled joys, wherewith to catch mankind :
While women, taken captive by his guile,
And revelling in apparent joy, stood near,
To lure us to his net. Displayed around
Are all the goods and riches of this earth,
To tempt poor silly man to his destruction !
Love, honour, riches, seasoned dainties, power ;
Each one to have that offered to him which
His soul most craves for : which, alas, is snatched
Away, oftentimes without enjoying it ;
The huge flat wings of death seizing their prey,
And hurrying it to sad perdition !

Oh that we might be wise ! That we might flee
From dangers, which, with delusive joys engulf
The soul in hell ! Oh that we may escape !
And praising God for His deliverance,
Avoid henceforth to look on Satan's guiles,
And seek for succour in our God above.

O keep my soul from snare of evil thought,
And from the traps of Satan and his hosts ;
Cause that th' ungodly fall into their own nets,
And grant that I may ever, Lord, escape !



PSALM XCII.

How good and joyful 'tis
Our hymns to God to raise!
Oh what a source of highest bliss
To sing glad songs of praise!
Then bring your harps and sing;
Your lutes of silvery sound;
And let the praises of your King
Eternally resound!

With morning's twilight come,
In evening's silent hour;
For well doth it God's saints become
To celebrate His power!
Yea, Lord, Thy works so wise
Do all my thoughts employ!
They fill my heart with ecstasies,
My inmost soul with joy!

Luxuriant as the palms,
Or as the cedar tree,
Which stretcheth forth its boughs, like arms,
To river and to sea—
So shall on earth God's saints
Long flourish and abound;
And, in return, be never faint
To make His praise resound.

PSALM XCII. 12, 13.

“ Such as are planted in the house of the Lord
Shall flourish in the courts of the house of our God.
They also shall bring forth more fruit in old age :
They shall be fat and well-liking.”

How poor, how weak, how vain, how frail,
Are all we meet below!
How do their earthly sins prevail :
How slow in grace they grow !
Like thorns and briars they appear,
All profitless for good !
What evil bitter fruit they bear,
Unfit for wholesome food !

Yet of such thorns the Lord doth take,
And in His garden set :
And though they be but thorn and brake,
Doth never them forget.
He maketh them like cedars grow,
Or like the stately palm,
Or like the vine with juice o'erflow,
With nectar and with balm.

He makes their boughs with fruit hang down,
Beside the murmuring rill;
With clustering blossom, bright, full-blown,
Rich perfumes e'er distil.
Such trees of righteousness display
His sovereign grace and love;
His glory they shall show, when they
Transplanted be above.



PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King !
He sitteth clothed with dazzling light,
Girded about with power and might,
While angels in the boundless height
His glory sing.

The Lord is King !
'Tis He that made this beauteous earth,
'Tis He that called it into birth,
'Tis He that made it fruit bear forth :
Then praises bring.

Thou, Lord, art King !
Eternal is Thy throne Most High !
Immortal angels stand Thee nigh,
While through the heavenly vaults on high
Hosannas ring.

Thou, Lord, art King !
What though the angry billows roll,
No power shall yet my love control,
No fears subject my ardent soul :
To Thee I cling.

Thou, Lord, art King !
To Thee, most Holy God, I cry ;
May I so live, that when I die,
My soul to Thy blest courts may fly,
On angel's wing.

PSALM XCV.

SLUMBERER, awake! lest God be wroth!
Wake from your deadly sin!
Wake, lest the sentence issue forth—
“Ye ne'er shall enter in!”

To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
O come, while yet “to-day”:
O come, and you shall yet rejoice:
O come, while yet you may.

O come, before His footstool kneel,
The Lord your God proclaim:
Come unto Him who will you heal,
Though blind, and poor, and lame.

Now let your anthems loud arise,
With grateful voice now sing:
Till entered where are heard no sighs,
You stand before the King!

Come then, and join the sacred song,
Your lively voices raise:
So shall you join the heavenly throng
In hymns of joy and praise.

PSALM XCVI.

SING new songs of joy, O nation !
Sing we Christ, our soul's salvation ;
Sing with praise and adoration,
Our sacred lays.

Give unto the Lord that sought us,
Give unto the Lamb that bought us,
Give unto the Lord that taught us,
Glad songs of praise.

O let heaven, in shouts adoring,
O let seas, in solemn roaring,
O let earth, in rapture soaring,
Each tribute raise.

Lo, He cometh ! Saints await Him !
Lo, He cometh ! Saved ones greet Him !
Lo, He cometh ! Haste to meet Him !
Th' Ancient of days !

PSALM XCIII.

TAKE your harps, and praises sing :
Praises to Immanuel bring :
With the trumpet's joyful sound,
Let your praise to God resound.

All ye nations, sing aloud ;
Haste to join th' angelic crowd ;
All ye lands afar unite,
Praising God, the Infinite !

Heaven and earth unite to sing,
Praise to your Creator, King !
Highest notes of song employ :
Praising God with heartfelt joy.

Wondrous are His works of love,
Drawing sinful hearts above ;
He hath healed us by His breath ;
He hath saved from sin and death.

Then with harps fresh praises sing :
Praises to Immanuel bring :
With the trumpet's joyful sound,
Let your praise to God resound.

PSALM C.

REJOICE, ye lands, rejoice !
Lift up your eyes from far ;
Heathen, rejoice !
Lift up your voice,
Behold yon Bethlehem star !

The Lord is God indeed ;
He did all nations frame ;
He sees our need,
He doth us feed,
He doth our homage claim.

On bended knee then fall,
And own your God and King :
O may we all
Obey His call ;
Our hearts as offerings bring.

For God most gracious is ;
Most loving and most true :
All power is His,
All goodness His,
And His all glory too.

Prepare your sacred lays,
Your grateful hearts prepare :
Your voices raise,
Resound His praise,
And rend th' ethereal air.

PSALM CII.

MY heart was heavy at the thought
Of how I sinned against my God :
How grievously I set at naught
The loving chastenings of His rod !
At sight of all my sins' array,
My strength with sorrow did consume ;
His judgments did my soul dismay,
At prospect of my coming doom !

At length I to my Lord did cry—
“ Hide not Thy face from my distress.”
He heard me from His throne on high,
He did me from my sins release.
The Lord Most High doth e'er endure:
He did the heavens and earth create !
His mercy is for ever sure :
His love for us doth ne'er abate !

Thus wilt Thou, Lord, Thy servants bless,
Who cry to Thee in time of need ;
Thou wilt their sufferings redress,
And wilt them to Thy presence lead.
There shall they sing Thy glorious name,
And ever praise the Lord their God :
And serve Thee in Jerusalem :
The holy place of Thine abode.

PSALM CIII.

BLESS the Lord, my soul adore Him!

Bless and praise His name always;
Bless and low bow down before Him!

Bless the Lord with songs of praise.

Who His sentence now repealeth;

Who thy life with strength endueth;
Who infirmity e'er healeth;

Who thy strength with grace reneweth.

He His anger ne'er preserveth;

He regards with loving favour:

He in truthfulness ne'er swerveth;

He in love doth never waver.

Far as heaven from earth ascending—

Far more is His grace exceeding!

Far as east from west extending—

Far more sets our sins receding!

Like as parents' love confiding,

Like a father's mild correction—

Like such is Jesu's love abiding,

Like such to us is God's affection!

Bless, ye angels, and adore Him!

Bless and praise His name always;

Bless, ye hosts, who stand before Him:

Bless the Lord with shouts of praise.

PSALM CIII. 5.

“ Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ;
Who reneweth thy life as the eagle's.”

WHAT joy, when from the bed of sickness we
Come forth, and find our maladies are fled,
 And we are free
Once more in sunny fields to walk instead !

What joy, on each returning day to find
Our health and strength increase with eagle's force ;
 While, free as wind,
In verdant vales and meads we wend our course !

When blessèd thus, let us reflect on all
The ills and woes from which we savèd are ;
 When pleasures pall,
And nought remained but sorrow, pain and care.

But far more fearful are the pains of sin,
Which with relentless hate our bosoms tear,
 Till all within
Is full of sad remorse, and dread despair !

What joy then when, from Satan's bondage freed,
We find our souls with sudden grace endued;
And, by God led,
We rise from sin, with eagle's strength renewed!

While then our hopes to heaven on high we raise,
With hearts exulting at our Saviour's love,
We'll sing His praise,
Till called to join th' eternal choirs above!

And when at length the joyful trump shall sound,
With the young eagle's wings we'll rend the skies,
Gazing around,
All lost in love and holy ecstasies!



PSALM CVII.

WHY doubt ye God, ye sons of men ?
Our gracious God is gracious still :
He that hath saved, will save again ;
He will His promises fulfil.

O praise the Lord, ye people all ;
His wondrous works with praise recall.

He Israel through the desert led
When travelling through the wilderness ;
When fainting, He with manna fed,
Deliverance gave in their distress.

O praise the Lord, ye people all ;
His wondrous works with praise recall.

When erring from His paths we stray,
When hateful sins our souls oppress ;
He gently leads us in the way,
Deliverance brings in our distress.

O praise the Lord, ye people all ;
His wondrous works with praise recall.

The mariner on troubled sea,
Whose vessel frail the billows press,
Cries to his God on bended knee ;
Who sends deliverance in distress.

O praise the Lord, ye people all ;
His wondrous works with praise recall.

Doubt then no more, ye sons of men!
Our gracious God is gracious still;
He that hath saved, will save again;
He will His promises fulfil.

O praise the Lord, ye people all;
His wondrous works with praise recall.

Consider this then, and rejoice!
Ye that are wise, consider well;
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice,
And evermore His goodness tell.

Oh praise the Lord, ye people all;
His wondrous works with praise recall.



PSALM CVIII.

MY choicest songs I will select,
My softest notes I'll raise ;
My highest faculties collect,
To celebrate Thy praise.

My joyful lute and harp I'll take,
And to Thy glory sing :
Till distant nations shall awake,
To praise Messiah King !

Boundless as heaven is, Lord, Thy love :
Thy grace as infinite !
So is Thy glory far above
The reach of mortal sight !

Though wicked enemies assail,
Thy Sion to molest :
O'er all her foes she shall prevail,
And in Thee find her rest.

Protected by Thy power and might,
We wondrous things will do ;
And Satan grapple in the fight,
And finally subdue.

PSALM CXIII.

SERVANTS of God, arise !
Prepare your melodies :
Your golden harps unsling,
And chant the praises of your God and King.

How glorious is the Lord !
The Lord of hosts adored !
O'er all the heavens supreme,
Which with fulgent light in splendour gleam.

Who, Lord, is like to Thee !
Glorious in majesty !
Who from Thy throne on high
Deign'st to receive all those who humbly cry.

The simple Thou dost guide,
Who in Thee do abide :
The poor man Thou dost raise,
If in his poverty he Thee doth praise.

Let all men then adore,
And praise Thee more and more :
While all within earth's frame
Thy glory and Thy goodness, Lord, proclaim.

PSALM CXIII. 5.

“ Who is like unto the Lord our God,
Who dwelleth on high,
Who humbleth himself (nevertheless) to behold
The things that are in heaven, and in earth ! ”

MOST glorious, most excellent,
Is God enthroned on high !
“ Most Holy God Omnipotent ! ”
Th’ angelic hosts reply.

Most glorious in holiness,
In happiness supreme ;
More bright in perfect righteousness
Than sun’s most ardent beam !

Before Him are the Cherubim,
With eyes devoutly bent ;
While round about are Seraphim,
In holy wonderment !

And can a God so glorious
Look down on men on earth ?
Can God so great watch over us,
On us so little worth ?

Yea, God our Lord is merciful,
And looks on us below:
With father's eye most pitiful,
He heals our every woe!

O then, my soul, sing joyfully,
That thou hast such a God!
In all thy woes look hopefully
To reach His blest abode.



PSALM CXVI.

FULL of sorrow, full of care,
Compassed round with many a snare,
Girt about with death's embrace,
Seeing hell before my face—
Heaviness my soul oppressed ;
Guilty, I could find no rest !

Then unto the Lord I cried,
And for pardon I applied—
“Lord, deliver Thou my soul,
Lord, I pray Thee, make me whole.”
And the Lord inclined His ear,
He in mercy heard my prayer.

What return can I now make ?
I the cup of grace will take ;
I my vows will offer now ;
Lowly at His footstool bow ;
I my grateful thanks will raise,
While I live, will sing His praise.

PSALM CXVI. 14.

“Truly, O Lord, I am Thy servant ;
I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid.”

WHEN unto sin myself I sold,
And to my pleasures slave became,
I thought of happiness untold,
And feared not reproof or shame.

But soon my pleasures provèd vain,
And Satan’s yoke I could not bear ;
I longed for liberty again,
That I might to my God repair.

But Satan claimed me as his own,
And would not thus his slave release ;
In vain I strove by works t’ atone,
And so regain my former peace.

When Jesus saw me captive led,
He did compassion on me take :
For sinners such as I He bled,
And thus did all my fetters break.

Thou, Lord, art worthy to be praised
For all the grace that Thou hast shown ;
To Thee shall all my songs be raised,
If Thou but claim me as Thine own.

Thy servant will I gladly be,
And follow all Thy blest commands :
For Thou, O Lord, hast set me free,
And broken all my cruel bonds.

Thy servant, and Thy child, I am ;
And as Thy child Thy blessing crave :
Jesus I look to as the Lamb
Who died that He might sinners save.



PSALM CXVIII.

THY mercy, Lord, doth e'er endure,
And prompt my soul to praise:
Thy mercy, Lord, doth e'er endure,
To Thee my songs I'll raise.

Thou, Lord, shalt hear me in distress,
And lighten all my woes:
Thou, Lord, shalt hear me in distress,
And vanquish all my foes.

'Tis better far to trust in God,
Than on man's help to trust:
'Tis better far to trust in God,
Than hope in things of dust.

Though compassed round on every side,
Exposed to Satan's thrust:
Though compassed round on every side,
In God I put my trust.

The Lord most high, by His right hand,
Doth save my soul from death:
The Lord most high, by His right hand,
My foes now vanquisheth.

Ope, Lord, Thy gates, those heavenly gates,
Where saints do enter in :
Ope, Lord, Thy gates, those heavenly gates,
Let me be found therein.

Thou only, Lord, shalt be my God ;
To Thee my vows I'll bring :
Thou only, Lord, shalt be my God ;
To Thee glad songs I'll sing.

Thy mercy, Lord, doth e'er endure,
And prompt my songs of praise :
Thy mercy, Lord, doth e'er endure
Those songs to Thee I'll raise.



PSALM CXIX.

This is the most remarkable of all the alphabetical or acrostic Psalms, from the circumstance that all the lines of each stanza commence with the same letter. The following Hymn is written in order to show this peculiarity to the English reader. The initial letters in the original are those of the alphabet, signifying thereby that God is the Alpha and the Omega, the Aleph and the Tau, of all things; and that God's LAW is the beginning and end of religion.

GIVE grace, O Lord, Thy blessed word to love ;
Grant me Thy sacred statutes to obey ;
Grave on my heart Thy precepts from above ;
Guide Thou my steps in Thy most holy way.

Oh that Thy word may be my fixed delight !
Oh that my feet may never go astray !
Ope Thou mine eyes to guide me in Thy light ;
Order my steps in Thy most holy way.

Delay not, Lord, to hear my earnest cry ;
Drive from my heart whate'er offend Thee may ;
Draw my affections to Thy throne on high ;
Direct my steps in Thy most holy way.

Subdue, O Lord, whate'er Thy law withstands ;
Sustain with grace my feeble weak essay ;
Strengthen with power to do Thy will my hands ;
Support my steps in Thy most holy way.

Lighten mine eyes to see Thy wondrous law ;
Leave not my soul without Thy softening ray ;
Lift up my heart that it may Thee adore ;
Lead Thou my steps in Thy most holy way.

Attune my song to sing Thy law's great praise ;
Awake my heart to frame its sacred lay ;
And while my lips their loud responses raise,
Aid me to walk in Thy most holy way.

Wean my affections from this world's vain charms ;
Waken my soul to praise Thee day by day ;
While I, from henceforth, resting on Thine arms,
With Thee may walk in Thy most holy way.



PSALM CXXI.

LIFT up thine eyes : behold ! See now
The City of thy God appear !
Thy pilgrimage is o'er, for lo !
He calls thee to approach Him near !

No longer shall thy footsteps stray ;
No longer shalt thou walk in sin :
For God thy Lord is now thy stay ;
For God thy Lord doth keep thee in.

The Lord shall hold thee by the hand ;
The Lord thy sure defence will be ;
The Lord shall ever by thee stand,
Through time and through eternity.

No more shall evil thee assail ;
No more shall foes thy soul molest :
The Lord thy God is thy entail ;
The Lord thine everlasting rest.

Then lift thine eyes, my soul ! See now
The City of thy God appear !
Thy pilgrimage is o'er, for lo !
He calls thee to approach Him near.

PSALM CXXII.

THERE is a name sounds musical,
Whene'er it strikes mine ear :
It is God's chosen capital,
Where He is ever near.
Each time I hear the sound again,
The echoes fly along—
“Jerusalem,” “Jerusalem,”
In soft and sweetest song.

When in Thy courts terrestrial
My soul enraptured lies,
With thoughts of things celestial,
Bought by Christ's sacrifice ;
O ne'er shall I forget thy name,
Thou City one with God ;
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Most sure and sweet abode !

Peace, Lord, and safe security
Grant to Thy Church below :
Give to all those prosperity
Who in Thy temple bow.
So shall we join the loud refrain,
While echoes run along—
“Jerusalem,” “Jerusalem,”
In soft and sweetest song.

PSALM CXXII. 8.

“Jerusalem is built as a city
Which is compacted well together.”

“JERUSALEM,” “Jerusalem,”
God’s saints have often sung:
Again “Jerusalem” shall sound
From age to age along.
The beauty of thy bridal state
Shall holy thoughts impart,
The glories of thy mansions bright
Shall still engross my heart.

Thy gates are richly set with pearls
Most glorious to behold:
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Thy gates shall nevermore be shut,
No night shall enter there:
Thy saints shall walk on sea of glass,
On floors of crystal rare.

From out the throne of thy blest God
Life’s rivulet doth flow:
And near to it on either side
The tree of life doth grow.

To those that thirst God will provide
The fountain of His grace :
The tree of life shall shed its leaves
To heal our fallen race.

No need of sun or moon is there—
God's glory lights the space—
Resplendent glory clothes the saints
With their Redeemer's grace :
God's name shall on their foreheads be,
They heavenly crowns shall gain ;
And with their Saviour and their God
Eternally shall reign.

Jerusalem, “abode of peace,”
Oh thee I long to see !
No people blessed so as thine,
No city like to thee !
For God himself is now thy God,
A God and Father too ;
Thy children now God's children are,
And shall His pleasure do.

“ O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee !

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Would God I were with thee!"*
And this world's shadows at an end,
Enjoy eternity.

* Old Hymn.



PSALM CXXX.

GOD of mercy, hear my prayer,
Bend on me Thy pitying eye :
Full of sorrow, full of care,
Listen to my abject cry.

Who may stand without Thy grace !
Who when judgment calls him forth !
Who will dare to meet Thy face !
Who may stand when Thou art wroth !

But Thy mercy, Lord, is sure ;
Lord, on Thee my soul I cast :
But Thy mercy doth endure ;
Thou wilt save my soul at last.

Longer will I not refrain ;
Lord, I hasten to Thy cry :
Thou wilt save from sin and pain ;
Thou wilt draw my soul on high.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

I LOVE to meet God's servants here,
To join them in the house of prayer;
To think that angels hover near,
And on their wings our praises bear.

I love to hear the silvery bell
Which calls us to the house of God;
Of all His love and truth to tell,
Which draw us to His blest abode.

Each time that e'er I find me there,
Each time that I on Thee do call,
Thou graciously dost hear my prayer,
With strength enduest, lest I fall.

Oh that all lands might Thee adore,
All nations might obey Thy voice;
Thy praise resound from shore to shore,
And all mankind in Thee rejoice!

Thus may we long to sing Thy praise,
Thy mercy, and Thy boundless love;
And while on earth our voice we raise,
Look upward to Thy Church above.

PSALM CXXXIX.

God's eye doth see thee! Let this thought
 Strict influence on thy actions have:
 And pondering this, by it be taught
 To be no more to sin a slave.

It is the Lord that made thee man,
 Who did thy wondrous form create;
 Whose goodness, since thy course began,
 Ne'er hath, and shall not yet abate.

The Lord thy every thought doth read,
 He knows thy yet unwrought resolve:
 He sees the motive for each deed,
 The secret springs which each involve.

O let not foolish man then think
 He can the eye of God evade:
 If unrepentant, he must sink,
 Struck down by the avenging blade.

But thou, my soul, let now thy trust
 And confidence in God repose:
 Thy will commit to Him who best
 Thy wants supplies, thy wishes knows.

God's eye doth see thee! Let this thought
 My heart and soul with rapture fill:
 Which, counting o'er what Thou hast done,
 Shall love and gratitude distil.

PSALM CXLV.

APPROACH, and magnify the Lord ;
The just and glorious God !
Angels and men, with one accord,
Your highest praises bring !

It is the Lord of heaven we sing,
OUR God omnipotent !
It is the universal King ;
To us beneficent !

How great, how wise, how wonderful,
How worthy of all praise !
How true, how good, how merciful,
How just in all His ways !

'Tis He that doth our wants supply,
That with free hand doth give ;
'Tis He that listens to our cry,
If in His fear we live.

Then let us try our voice to raise,
And magnify His love ;
To emulate the angels' praise
And symphonies above.

Lift up thyself to God, my soul,
And praise Him day by day :
Let age to age His name extol,
Through all eternity.

PSALM CXLVI.

REJOICE, my soul, the Lord is King ;
Thy praises to Immanuel bring :
Thy hope, thy trust, in Jesus place,
And He will save thee by His grace.

The heavens above, the earth, the sea,
All things were formed by His decree :
From age to age He King shall be,
And reign throughout eternity.

The Lord the prison doors doth ope,
He to the fallen giveth hope :
The Lord the blind doth make to see,
He to the weak gives equity.

The Lord protects the fatherless,
He feeds the poor in their distress :
His promise is for ever sure,
His love for ever shall endure.

Praise then, my soul, for ever sing ;
Praise to thy Lord, thy God, thy King :
Praise Him for all His favours past,
Praise Him, my soul, while life shall last.

PSALM CXLVII.

OH what joy with saints below
In God's courts our knees to bow,
Offering there our solemn vow,
 Glad songs to sing.

Though the stars obey His word,
Though their hosts proclaim Him Lord,
Yet to us He doth afford
 His fostering wing.

He the sick-at-heart doth heal,
He doth e'er in mercy deal,
And His covenant doth seal,
 As Christ our King.

Let us then our songs prepare,
And with love and joy draw near,
Blessing God for all His care ;
 Praise to Him bring.

For His mercy standeth sure,
For His truth doth e'er endure,
While, as from a fountain pure,
 His love doth spring.

May we then our sacred lays,
Mingling prayer with solemn praise,
Ever to His honour raise,
 And to Him cling.

PSALM CXLVIII.

LET earth, let heaven, unite in song,
Let saints and angels, old and young,
All with one voice God's praises tell,
From sea and earth, from hill and dale.

Angels of God! ye glorious host!
Who study who can serve Him most,
Throughout the heavens your voices raise,
And join with earth to sing His praise.

Ye sun and moon, ye stars and light,
Ye evidence of creative might,
Still in reflected glory shine,
Still show to man His power divine.

Children of men! responsive rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Whose subject is our common Lord,
The King of heaven! our God adored!

Let all we see on earth proclaim
The glory of His hallowed name!
For all on earth, in sea, or air,
Bear token of His sovereign care.

Low let us bow before His throne:
Adorèd is His name alone!
O'er earth, o'er heaven, alone He reigns;
His praise shall form our loud refrains.

PSALM CXLIX.

YE saints who meet to praise the Lord,
Delighting in His sacred word,
Your Allelujahs loud proclaim,
Rejoicing in His holy name !

Ye people of this favoured land,
Protected by His mighty hand,
His Allelujahs help to swell,
And of His goodness ever tell !

Ye youths and maidens, who rejoice
The dance to tread to music's voice,
Sweet Allelujahs learn to sing,
In honour of the Lord your King !

Ye aged saints, in sickness laid,
Look up to Jesus as your aid ;
Your Allelujahs still declare,
Praising your God for all His care !

Yea, let us all unite to bless
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness ;
That Allelujahs loud may rise,
Till called to sing them in the skies !

PSALM CXLIX. 3.

“ Let them praise His name in the dance :
Let them sing psalms unto Him with tabret and harp.”

BRING forth the pipes of merry sound,
Let mirth and music smile around :
 Let song and dance
 Your joy enhance,
If to God’s glory it redound.

Let young and old together meet,
And each with kindly accents greet :
 In all your cheer
 Let God be near,
And praises reach His mercy-seat.

In all we think, or do, or say,
In all the actions of the day,
 To dance and song
 Let praise belong,
And God be with us in our way.

Thus while in joys we mingle here,
May we in love to God draw near ;
 Him learn to love
 Who dwells above ;
And long before Him to appear.

And thus, as we grow old, we may
The better all our ills allay;
 And all the while
 In peace we'll smile,
Till to our home we pass away.



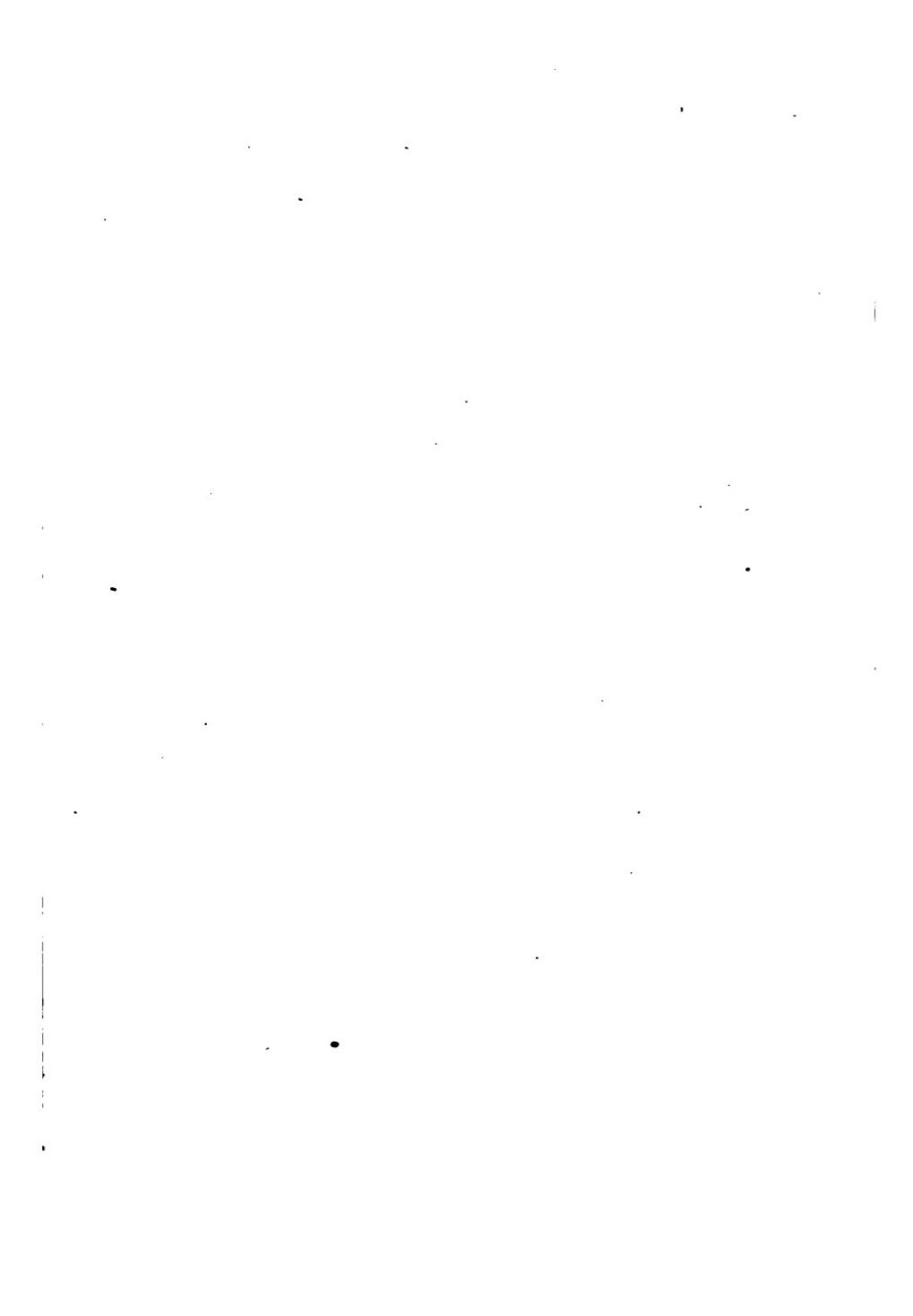
PSALM CL.

MAY the last hymn on earth I raise
Be filled with my Saviour's praise !
It shall His holiness proclaim,
The wonders of His glorious name ;
It shall His mighty acts declare,
His providence, and daily care !

O let my heart be fully bent
To praise Thy name so excellent !
With tender music, soft and sweet,
The praises of Thy love repeat ;
To help the chorus loud to swell,
And all Thy goodness, Lord, forth-tell !

Praise then the Lord, ye saints on earth !
Praise Him in times of joy and mirth ;
Praise Him in sadness, praise in gloom,
Praise Him, whatever be your doom ;
Praise Him in sickness, praise in death ;
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I N D E X.



I N D E X.

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2. TOBLER . Golgotha, seiner Kirchen und Klöster. 8vo. St. Gallen, 1851.
3. SCHWARZ . Descriptive Geography, and brief Historical Sketch of Palestine. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1850.
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III.

DAVID'S VISION.

WITH A PRELIMINARY

DISSERTATION

SHOWING

DAVID'S PROPHECY

OR

CHRIST.

LONDON:

1872.

DAVID'S VISION.

THE object of this little book is to place before the reader in a continuous narrative all the prophecies of our Lord contained in the Book of Psalms. In order to do so, the author wishes it to be supposed for the moment that all the psalms were written by King David, and then placing the passages in chronological or continuous sequence he shows how such passages are connected with every event in our Lord's life and suffering. In PART I. he places such passages from the Book of Psalms in parallelism with the quotation of such passages in the New Testament, thus proving the prophetic character of each passage by the authority of our Lord himself and His Apostles, and by the inspiration of the writers of the New Testament ; and each of such passages is distinguished by a Roman numeral in order to refer to it easily on reading the Ode contained in PART II., where the same numerals are placed opposite every event there brought forward.

In PART II. David is introduced as a shepherd boy leading his sheep to the mountain top above Bethlehem, where he is supposed to see in a trance all the events of our Lord's life which are brought forward in PART I. as having been prophesied by the royal psalmist.

By examination of this chain of prophecy the reader is enabled to see how clearly and fully the ancient prophets foresaw and were able to foretell the coming and work of the Messiah ; and to judge how faith in the revelation committed to them would make their interest in Christ as great as that of ours, though we have lived in the times of the Christian dispensation : for "blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

The reader will thus perceive that David was acquainted with the fact of our blessed Lord's incarnation ; of His being descended from himself ; of His temptation ; of His purifying the temple ; of His instructing the people by parables ; of His betrayal ; of all the particulars of His crucifixion, even of the last words which He uttered on the cross ; of His burial and resurrection ; of His ascension ; of His kingdom ; and of His remaining a Priest for ever.

" Jesse's son awakes the lyre ;
 " Listen while the psalmist sings :
 " His the Spirit's sacred fire,
 " All his theme—the King of kings !

 " Others sing of worldly things ;
 " Themes like these to men belong :
 " But when Israel's psalmist sings,
 " Sacred themes inspire his song.

 " Listen, listen while he sings :
 " Jesus is his glorious theme :
 " Jesus is the King of kings ;
 " 'Tis his joy to sing of Him.

 " How should we delight to hear
 " Strains that hope and love impart :
 " Strains of joy for mortal ear,
 " Strains that captivate the heart !

 " Son of Jesse, sound the lyre !
 " Bear our willing souls along :
 " Christ the prophet's holy fire,
 " Christ his theme, and Christ his song."

(KELLY.)

THE BOOK OF PSALMS

"OF DAVID THE KING AND PROPHET."

IV.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS
“OF DAVID THE KING AND PROPHET.”

DISPOSED ACCORDING TO THE
RHYTHMICAL STRUCTURE
OF THE
ORIGINAL.

WITH THREE ESSAYS.

- I.—THE PSALMS OF DAVID RESTORED TO DAVID.
- II.—THE EXTERNAL FORM OF HEBREW POETRY.
- III.—THE ZION OF DAVID RESTORED TO DAVID.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY E. F.



LONDON :
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1875.

INTRODUCTION.

THE author here shows the importance of attention to parallelism, not only as exhibiting the principle of Hebrew poetry, but as often exhibiting the true meaning of disputed passages. He maintains that the poetry cannot be divided into equal stanzas, but may be resolved into stanzas or paragraphs of different length, which it is therefore most important to determine accurately. Lastly, he affirms that the Psalms were repeated by the people, not verse by verse alternately, as generally supposed, and as practised by the Christian Church, but that the response or answering was confined to some striking verse or *antiphon*, which is very evident in almost every psalm, and which is pointed out in the text. This antiphon gave life to the poem when sung, and made the psalm sung by the priest a psalm for the people also.

The Book of Psalms

which follows is based upon the Prayer-book or Old Translation ; the chief alterations from which occur :—

I. In important passages, such as in Psalm lxxxiv., where sparrows and swallows are supposed to build nests in God's house ! Or where, as in Psalm xx. in the Bible version, we pray, Let the king hear us when we call ; instead of praying that God would hear our prayers for the king.

II. Where it was necessary to restore the tautology of the original, which our translators have striven so much to do away with, thinking that they thus gave greater richness to the style, being unaware that they thereby destroyed one great feature of Hebrew poetry. Indeed, this is the chief characteristic of the present translation, in which the reader will find the same Hebrew word rendered everywhere in the same psalm by the same English word.

III. Where it was necessary to cast out superfluous words added by our translators, where such words made the line too long.

IV. Where it was necessary to alter the construction of the sentence, in order to bring out the parallelism of the original.

The author asserts that there is no superfluous line in Hebrew poetry, and that each line has its proper place and meaning ; and he accordingly disposes of the 323 odd lines of our Paragraph Bible. In like manner he shows that the concluding verses of Psalms xxv. and xxxiv. are by no means superfluous, and in no way interfere with the alphabetical arrangement. The seventieth Psalm may be taken as an illustration of the rendering :—

[Haste Thee] O God, to deliver me :
 Haste Thee, O Lord, to my help !
 Let them be ashamed
 And confounded together
 That seek after my soul :
 Let them be driven backward
 And put to confusion
 That wish to do me evil ;
 Let them be desolate
 As a reward for their shame
 That say: ‘Aha, aha !’
 Let them be joyful
 And glad in Thee, all they
 That seek after Thee :
 Let them say alway—
 ‘Let God be praised,’
 That love Thy salvation.

This part of the work is embellished with several illustrations taken from original sketches by the author.

ESSAY 1.

The Psalms of David restored to David.

The author here endeavours to prove that though in modern times fewer and fewer psalms are attributed to David, it is *possible*, if not probable, that the greater portion were written by him ; and he combats the different arguments to the contrary, notably that arising from the pretended division into ‘Five Books,’ which division he analyses at great length, showing, he thinks, that there is no foundation for it. Another argument against the psalms being attributed to David is adduced from the supposed invalidity of the Superscriptions, the genuineness of which the author contends for ; showing how in many instances they could not have been added afterwards, and how analogous they are to other parts of Scripture. Lastly, he exposes the *abuse* of pretended ‘Internal Evidence,’ according to which some of the sweetest psalms are attributed to the most wicked kings of Judah. It is with this conviction that he has adopted as the title of his work the title of the Book of Psalms in the Syriac, ‘The Book of Psalms of David the King and Prophet.’

Critics have taken exception to this Essay, charging the author with asserting that all the psalms in the Bible were written by King David. But a more careful examination of his arguments would have shown them that this is not the object of the Essay. He endeavours to point out—not that all the psalms were written by David, but the fallacy of the Neologian system, according to which scarcely any of them were written by him. In order to confute this argument, the author was obliged to show that the internal evidence afforded by those psalms which have the greatest appearance of a later origin, is not conclusive, and that the arguments adduced might be met by counter arguments ; and therefore that if those psalms which appear to refer to a later period cannot be proved to be of later origin, much less can it be assumed that the majority of other psalms are so.

ESSAY II.

The External Form of Hebrew Poetry.

In the *Second Essay* the author points out the peculiarities of Hebrew poetry, one of the most striking of which is the *epanodos*, of which the following exhibits a specimen :—

Thou hast mightily delivered Thy people,
 Even the sons of Jacob and Joseph.
 The waters saw Thee, O God !
 The waters saw Thee, and were afraid :
 The depths also were troubled.
 The clouds poured out water,
 The air thundered,
 And Thine arrows went abroad.
 The voice of Thy thunder (was heard) round about,
 The lightnings shone upon the ground,
 The earth was troubled, and shook withal.
 Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters,
 And Thy footsteps are not known.
 Thou leddest Thy people, like sheep,
 By the hands of Moses and Aaron.

ESSAY III.

The Zion of David restored to David.

In the *Third Essay* he analyses the views of the writers in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' 'The Imperial Bible Dictionary,' Thrupp's 'Antient Jerusalem,' and Lewin's 'Siege of Jerusalem,' relative to the true position of Zion, the City of David, the walls and gates of the city, and other particulars. This portion is illustrated with a map.

Lastly, in a *Note* to the foregoing Essay, he endeavours to reconcile the conflicting views relative to the position of the ancient Temple. This note is illustrated with a map of levels.

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